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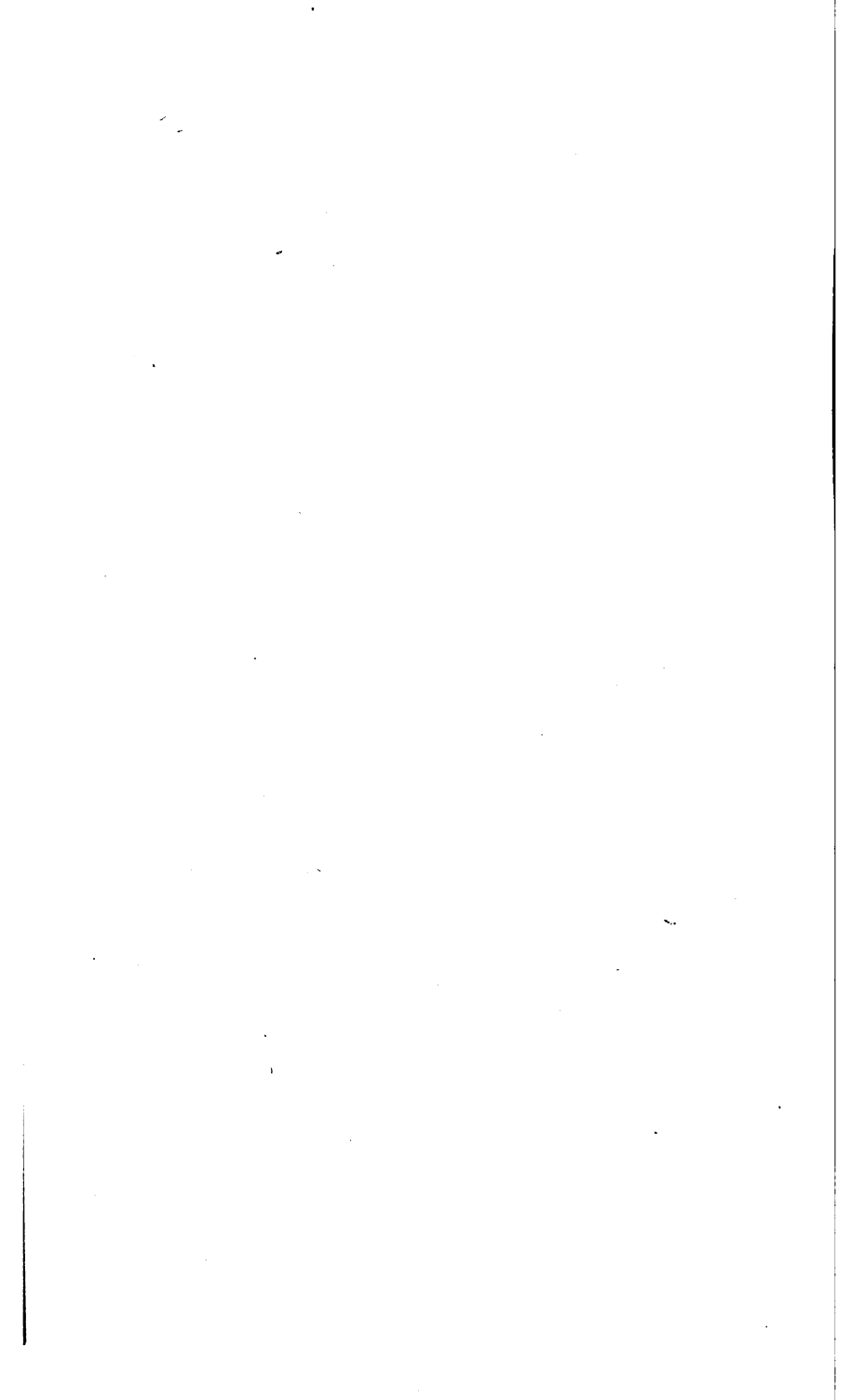
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THE  
**BROKEN SWORD,**  
*A GRAND MELO-DRAMA,*

INTERSPERSED WITH  
SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

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By **WILLIAM DIMOND, Esq.**

AUTHOR OF

The Peasant Boy.—Gustavus Vasa, or the Hero of the North.—Hunter of the Alps.—The Young Hussar, or Love and Mercy.—Adrian and Orrila.—Youth, Love and Folly.—The Sea-Side Story.—Royal Oak.—Doubtful Son.—Æthiop, or Child of the Desert, &c. &c.

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AS PERFORMED AT THE  
***THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,***  
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

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SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:  
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1816.



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## NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

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A slight French Drama intituled, "*La Vallee du Torrent*," furnished the general outline of this trifle. The management of the story, however, differs, and the incident of the Sword (on which the catastrophe is now made to hinge) is altogether an introduction.

The attributes of the *legitimate* Drama, include very superior efforts of composition; but the Melo-Drama, nearly as trivial as the Pantomime, demands of its humbler votary, no more than the excitement of curiosity. The "*Broken Sword*," will probably be found to have fulfilled this limited object.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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<i>The Baron</i> .....	Mr. BARRYMORE,
<i>Capt. Zavior</i> .....	Mr. FAWCETT,
<i>Claudio</i> .....	Mr. ABBOTT,
<i>Colonel Rigolio</i> .....	Mr. TERRY,
<i>Pablo</i> .....	Mr. SIMMONS,
<i>Estevan</i> .....	Mr. FARLEY,
<i>Myrtillo (a Dumb Orphan)</i> ...	Miss LUFFINO,
<i>Rosara (Daughter to the Baron</i>	Miss S. BOOTH,
<i>Stella</i> .....	Miss CAREW,
<i>Beatrice</i> .....	Miss M'ALPINE,
<i>Jacinta</i> .....	Miss MORTRAM,

*Goatherdesses*—Mesdames Bradwell, Mori, Plourdeau,  
Newton, &c.

**SCENE**—*The Valley of the Pyrenees; between the Spanish and  
French Frontiers of Catalonia and Roussillon.*

THE  
BROKEN SWORD.

---

A C T I.

SCENE—*The Pyrenees at day-break—the Cabin of a Goatherdess towards the front, on one side Estevan discovered on a Crag alone—his figure worn and emaciated, is wrapped in a ragged Mantle—he approaches with a timid, doubtful step—Music ceases as he approaches the threshold.*

*Estev.* IT is her cabin—yes, the cabin of my kinf-woman; her heart was ever kind, and she will surely shelter me! No one observes me—now dare I venture—(*He advances to knock, and suddenly recoils with a start of terror*)—Ha! who calls me?—Is't the pursuit?—(*Looks wildly round*)—No, no, no! 'Twas but the eagle's scream.—(*He strikes cautiously against the door.*)—Stella? Stella!—

(*Stella appears at a Casement above.*

*Stel.* Who calls so early? Is't Beatrice? Ha! a man—and a stranger!—Who is at my door?

*Estev.* A wretch—a way-worn fainting wretch!—if you have charity, receive and shelter him.

*Stel.* Enough! unhappy one! be comforted.—

*(Closes the Casement.)*

*Estev.* A blessing on the mercy which preserves me! another hour of struggle, and these limbs had sunk beneath their wretched burden.

*STELLA Enters from the Cabin.*

*Stel.* Now, my good friend, what service can I shew you?

*Estev.* Grant me but a little food; let me rest till evening on your mat, and you will save a fellow creature's life.

*Stel.* Cheerfully, and with the heart's kind welcome; lean on this arm, poor wanderer, and enter.

*Estev.* Ah, my good and generous Stella!

*Stel.* My name! you know me then.

*Estev.* So, once did Stella know a happy and respected kinsman, called Estevan de Burgos.

*Stel.* My cousin, and my kindest friend in childhood?—Ah!—Yes!—I knew and loved him dearly!—he was Valet to the Count Luneda, and left his country many years since to follow his master into Mexico.—Do you bring news of him?

*Estev.* Stella! look on these haggard features well.

*Stel.* Ah! is't possible?—O, yes—I see—I recollect—but sure so terrible a change—

*Estev.* Misery and despair have wrought it—for four dreadful days the wolf has shared his hiding place with me in watchfulness and famine. Stella! behold this chain!—*(Opens the Mantle and displays an Iron Collar upon his Neck)*

*Stel.* Merciful heavens!—the iron collar! the habit of—

*Estev.* A galley slave! Aye, Stella, I have been accused of fearful deeds—tried, convicted, sentenced to the toiling oar for life—but I was innocent, on my soul innocent!—Four nights since, I burst my chains, and escaped from my prison at Rosas,—the Pyrenees have veiled me in their pathless mazes from pursuit.—I toiled to pass the Spanish frontier, but fatigue and famine overweighed my strength; just as my steps had failed, your cabin, Stella, your well known cabin——

*Stel.* Ah! be it your beacon of hope, your citadel of safety.

*(Voices at a distance.)*

*Estev. (in violent emotion.)*—Ha! voices—footsteps!—I am pursued—I am lost!—*(Falls exhausted on the ground; Stella runs affrighted to the foot of the cross, then returns re-assured.)*

*Stel.* No, no, you are safe, believe me! they who approach, are only the Goatherdesses from the valley—they are my companions and my friends.—Rouse thee, cousin!—be cautious and fear not.—*(Several Goatherdesses descend the Craggs, and advance gaily to Stella.)*

*Beat* Come, Stella, forward with us, to the bridge of St. Paulo; the sun is rising, and we shall scarcely reach it before the young Cavalier passes.—Who is this stranger?

*Stel.* 'Tis a poor travelling man—half perishing, I fear from want.—*(Aside to Estevan.)*—Rely upon my caution!——

*Jacin.* A traveller in distress!—Ah! let us all assist him!—*(Some of the Girls encircle Estevan, and support him—others run into the Cabin, and return with a Bench and Table, which they cover with Fruits, Bowls of Milk, &c.)*

*Estev.* Thanks, my kind and charitable Mistresses! the blessings of the wretched be upon your way!

## THE BROKEN SWORD.

*Stel.* Ours is not a distant one, only to the bridge which crosses the torrent at the end of our valley.—The son of our good Seigneur returns home this morning, from the wars, and we are assembled to meet him at the bridge and strew flowers; but my companions shall proceed without me.

*Estev.* Nay, not so, I must beseech you!—(*Aside to her.*)—If you remain, it may excite suspicion.

*Stel.* (*Acquiescing by a look.*)—Well then, I will return, good man, in an hour at latest;—meanwhile, feed on the simple fare our mountain boards provide—rest on the rushes strewn within—to slumber sink securely, and in dreams be happy!

## SONG and CHORUS.

STELLA AND GOATHERDESSES.

## I.

Way-worn man! here cheerly rest,  
Perils past and travail o'er—  
Droop no more by toil oppress,  
Rest thee at the Rustic's door.  
Rest, way-worn man!

## II.

Milk, our up-land flocks have yielded,  
Roots and honey strew the board;  
Grapes yon rock from storm hath shielded,  
These are all our huts afford.  
Rest, way-worn man!

(*The Girls ascend, singing in Chorus, as the Scene closes.*)

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Chateau—several Domesticity hurrying across the Stage, carrying Vases of Flowers and different Ornaments for a Fête.*

*Enter PABLO.*

*Pab.* Have a care, Theresa, how you carry that jar; Pedro, hold the beaupot steady; Ah! Bartolo, thou art an awkward devil; all my pains are thrown away—every thing will be spoilt.—There, there, get you forward, idle, heedless, graceless heathens!—

*(Exeunt Domesticity.)*

How I labour, but, all to no purpose! Elegance is not to be taught—I present the model, but nobody copies it.—*(Takes a Chair.)*—What a fatiguing day this will be!—First, it's the return of young Don Claudio from the wars; that's a rejoicing.—Next, it's the anniversary of the murder of Count Luneda, poor little Master Myrtillo's papa,—that's a condoling. Then there's to be a ceremony upon both occasions—to laugh for the one, and cry for the other—how difficult to unite such opposites! Miss Rosara has left all to my management.—What a task for a man of genius! I shall sink under it—I feel quite oppressed already.

*Capt. ZAVIER (without.)*

*Zav.* Sail a-head there? Varlet! Pablo!

*Pab.* *(Jumping up.)*—Here's the old sea Captain firing his chase-guns after me—it's too much on the brain—I can never stand it,—Here, Capt. Xavier.

*Enter ZAVIER.*

*Zav.* So, puppy, I have you within hail at last!

B

How long am I to wait for breakfast? where's my brother? my niece? where's my little Myrtillo?

*Pab.* Under favour, you must fancy it banyan day, Captain:—no breakfast yet—I can't spare you a single lacquey.

*Zav.* Why, the knave's besotted. Where have you sent all the servants?

*Pab.* (*Laying his finger to his nose.*)—Hush! hush! be secret; we are knee-deep in preparations.

*Zav.* Preparations! and for what?

*Pab.* Joy and grief—dances and dirges—the living and the dead——

*Zav.* Speak plainly, you incomprehensible dolphin, or I'll translate your skull into a meaning with my stick.

(*Rosara runs in, and catches Xavier's arm.*)

*Ros.* Hold, dear uncle! I'll be poor Pablo's expositor.

*Zav.* Aha! my pretty niece! thy kiss charms the rising storm into a nap, more cunningly than e'er a Lapland witch's bag!—Yet, that puppy so provoked me——

*Ros.* I am in fault, uncle; poor Pablo only affected by my desire.

*Pab.* No, Captain, I only stood at the helm, but Miss gave steering orders.—(*Aside.*)—There's a salt sop for the old dragon in his own element.

*Zav.* Well, but I must be taken into confidence. Come, roguish eyes, tell me your secret.

*Ros.* Must I——? You shall promise to be very good then. We are preparing a surprise for somebody in the garden—a triumphal arch—garlands—inscriptions—in fact, a fête in compliment to the day. You know, my brother's return after a long twelvemonth's absence, may be expected every minute. His campaign has been a glorious one, and our dear Claudio ought to meet, amidst the welcomes of

his home, a grateful recollection of the gallantry by which it had been protected.

*Zav.* That's a sentiment worthy of a female heart; the debt of gratitude can never be over-paid to the defenders of their country, whether by land or sea. Ah! you girls have little notion of our perils. I remember, when I was first appointed to his Catholic Majesty's gun-brig, the Strombolo——

*Pab (Aside.)*—O! Lord, if he once gets on board the Strombolo, we shall make a voyage till dinner-time.—(*basily.*)—Miss, Miss, you have not told his honour t'other half of the secret.

*Ros.* True, Pablo. Have you forgotten this day is the anniversary of an event, at once our happiness and our affliction.—Your little protégée, the orphan Myrtillo——

*Zav.* How? what? this day, said you?—true, true, the thirteenth of August—'tis just six years this day, since I first found him in the wood of Colares.—Poor little fellow! how unhappy this day will make him! for he still feels the horrid tragedy, as if it were but yesterday it happened.

*Ros.* True, my dear uncle; and, as I knew his sorrows ever return upon this morning with acuter pain, I had planned a little incident. Among the effects, which the unhappy Luneda had left behind him in Mexico, and which but lately were transmitted for his orphan, I found a marble bust, said to be a striking resemblance of the murdered man.—Myrtillo is, as yet, ignorant of its existence. I have ordered a small monument, recording the strange calamity, to be raised at the entrance of the garden; on this the bust shall presently be deposited, with an appropriate ceremony, in the orphan's presence. Thus, in the very midst of our own festivity, he will discover, that *his* afflictions have been remembered.



*Zav.* Well, well; but is not this beating about for a north-east passage to China, thro' the frozen ocean, while the plain course lays open to us, by the Cape of Good Hope? Why remind the little fellow of his misfortunes, while we have songs, dances, castanets, and sparkling muscadin to drown them in oblivion?

*Ros.* Wrong, uncle—positively wrong. Navigation is your science—botany mine: and since you have invoked Neptune for a metaphor against me, I shall e'en borrow an illustration of Flora in my defence. Recollect the plant I sketched for your dressing-room yesterday—the *Evening Primrose*.—When the sun glares, and the busy hum of action is abroad, that timid flower folds itself together closely, droops to the ground, and seems to sicken with the day; but when the nightingale sings plaintively, and the meek glimmer of the moon is round us.—Ah! *then* its tiny leaves disclose—the dew-drop steals into its bosom, it cheers—it blooms—and blends its spirit with the gentler hour!—Even so fares it with the human heart, affliction recoils from the embrace of mirth, but softens, and expands at the touch of sympathy.

*Zav.* Hum! may be so—may be so—my poor Myrtillo! and this day six years was the very morning of our first meeting. Niece! did I ever relate to you the particulars of that adventure in the wood of Collares?

*Pab.* O, doleful! when once he gets into that wood, he never finds a way out again. Miss! Mits! don't trouble the Captain now—remember, 'tis such a busy time.

*Zav.* Oh, I don't value the trouble a rope's end; but, take a seat, my child. I always tell my story best, when my company are seated. Pablo, my lad, there's a stool for thee in yonder corner,

*Pab.* Thank ye kindly, Captain; but I wou'dn't take such a liberty for the world; besides, I've heard the story.

*Zav.* Repetition imprints a fact stronger on the memory; be seated I command you.

*Pab.* (*Afide.*) My bowels yearn at the thoughts of it.—Such a disageeable hard seat too!

*Zav.* Let me see—aye! it is exactly six years since, that peace being restored to Spain, and my ship paid off, my kind brother offer'd me a snug hammock in the dwelling of my forefathers;—I mounted a mule at Barcelona, and trotted away for my native mountains. At the dawn of the fourth day's journey, I entered the wood of Collares, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree—

*Pab.* (*jumping up.*) A chefnut, Captain, a *chefnut*.

*Zav.* Bah! you booby, I say, a cork.

*Pab.* And I swear, a chefnut—Captain! this is the twenty-seventh time I have heard you relate this story, and you invariably said, a chefnut, till now.

*Zav.* Did I? Well, a chefnut be it then. But, take your seat again.

*Pab.* Willingly—Only out with the *cork*, and I'm your man for sitting.

*Zav.* Well then—from the thick boughs of a chefnut, suddenly slipped down a little boy, who cast himself on his knees in the path before me—his features were convulsed and pale, and his poor piteous eyes that were raised beseechingly to mine, ran over with salt water as fast as the scuppers of my own brig, when she had shipped a sea. "What cheer, young messmate?" cried I,—his lips open'd, as if to return my hail, but no utterance followed; yet the boy kept throwing out strange signals of distress, and seemed to invite me, in dumb shew, to accompany him thro' an opening in the underwood. I dismounted, fasten'd my mule to the—the—

*Pab. (Eagerly.)* Chesnut.

*Zav.* Well, well, the tree that stood next me.— The child placed his cold and trembling hand within mine, and led me thro' a winding of the wood, into an open space, where the high road to Colares crossed—there I beheld—O! I shall never forget the sight!—a chariot, with its traces cut—the doors on either side forced open, and the body of an Officer covered with stabs, stretched on the seat within. The boy sprang from me, threw himself upon the corpse, covered with frantic kisses every bubbling wound, then, raised his eyes to heaven, but dropped them in despair, and sank down as lifeless as the form that pillow'd him.

*Ros.* Dear Myrtillo! my heart weeps with thee.

*Zav.* A precious time I had of it, you may be sure. The alarm was rung; the district raised, Alguazils,—Corregidors — depositions — examinations, and cross examinations. At last, we discovered by papers, found upon the body, and by the child's evidence, who, though deprived of speech by the terror of the scene, could *write*, that the murder'd man had been a Count Luneda, but recently landed from Mexico, and then travelling to meet some military friend, whose name Myrtillo had forgotten.

*Ros.* I think it was stated, Count Luneda had converted his large property into jewels, which he carried about him at the time.

*Zav.* And of which he was rifled by the murderer; but, thanks to Providence and my excellent brother, our poor orphan, tho' bereft of parent, and of fortune, possesses yet a kindly, and protecting home.

*Ros.* Where compassion gives him two fathers for the one he has lost—a sister in Rosara—

*Pab.* And a true friend in Pablo—but see, his chamber opens—(*points off the stage.*)

**Zav.** He seems lost in thought; he holds his tablets in one hand, a pencil in the other.

**Ros.** And writes, as he advances—so earnest too, he does not observe us.

**MYRTILLO** enters as described—when he reaches the front of the Stage, he rapidly adds another word to the Tablet, and, by gesture expresses that the document is then complete.—He turns, perceives his friends, and throws himself precipitately into the arms of Rosara and Xavier.

**Zav.** Welcome, my adopted son.

**Ros.** Welcome, my second brother!

**Pab.** The compliments of the morning to you; Master Myrtillo.—(*Myrtillo draws back, and signs to Pablo reproachfully.*)—Ah! he will never let me speak respectfully, as I wish. Well, then, if I must not say Master Myrtillo, good day, my friend Myrtillo.—(*Myrtillo smiles, runs to him, and shakes hands eagerly.*)—Aye, now he's pleased; but it's a shame for me to be so familiar—I, who am only a servant.—(*Myrtillo shakes his head, and seems to ask "What then am I?" turns again to Xavier, and expresses that, without his bounty, he should be destitute.*)

**Ros.** Fye, Myrtillo! we do not like to be reminded—your sense of gratitude is too deep—it distresses us.

**Zav.** Gratitude, and for what? doing our duty? Heaven help the child! wouldn't he be a pretty dog of a sailor who should see a messmate drowning alongside his ship, and not sling out a rope to save him upon deck. [Exit.]

**Ros.** You have been writing this morning; what subject has employed your fancy.—(*He signifies his past misfortunes, that the present day is their sixth-anni-*

*versary, then bows respectfully, and offers the tablets to Rofara.)*

*Rof.* Ah! I comprehend you, dear Myrtillo, but too well, and these tablets are designed for me.—*(He expresses assent.)*—What inscription is here? “The memoirs of an orphan, dedicated to his benefactress.”—*(She appears about to open the leaves, Myrtillo stops her, and asks that she will not read further in his presence.)*—Enough, I will read of you hereafter, converse with you now, think of you for ever.

*Enter the BARON with an open letter.*

*Baron.* Joy, joy to all of you! Our absentee will be in the arms of his family within the hour: thus runs his billet:—*(Reads)*—“The courier who delivers this will scarcely precede me by a single post. “A brother officer, the Chevalier Rigolio, is the “companion of my journey. He has proved the “kindest of friends to your inexperienced soldier— “tell Rofara he is wealthy, accomplished, and a bachelor: Need I entreat the smiles of my pretty “sister to welcome such a visitor?” You perceive, Rofara, your brother thinks of you.

*Rof.* And I of him so entirely, Sir, I cannot find a thought to waste on strangers.

*Pab.* Fags and fidgets! Don Claudio on the road, and half my work yet unfinished. O! by your love of the fine arts—to the garden—to the fête—to the bust.

*Rof.* Hush! Come, Myrtillo, you must be my effort. *(Myrtillo hesitates, and implies reluctance.)* How, you refuse to be my beau? is this your gallantry?—*(He shakes his head mournfully, draws out his watch, points to the hour, and lifts his hands, as in prayer, and expresses anxiety to be gone.)*

Rof. (*Afide to Pablo.*)—Hush! his watch reminds him—'tis near the hour when the annual mass for his father is sung at the chapel beyond the torrent—'tis his custom afterwards to remain in solitary prayer till evening. We understand your scruples, Myrtillo, and respect their piety. You shall reach the chapel by the time you wish; but yield us a few spare minutes first. Your own Rosara asks it. Will you refuse her?—(*Myrtillo eagerly kisses the hand she extends, and submits himself to her discretion.*)—You trust to me. Ah! the confidence shall not be abused. Quickly to the garden, to our festival.—(*Music of sudden animation. Pablo leads the way, the Baron follows, and Myrtillo, caressing the hand of Rosara, finishes the group.*)

SCENE.—*The Gardens.*—On one side is the entrance to a cypress grove, across which an artificial screen of boughs has been placed. Several domestics are busied in arrangement. Pablo runs forward and increases the bustle. The other characters then enter, and reach the front of the Stage.

Rof. Beloved Myrtillo, pause—this spot is sacredly your own. Rosara consecrates this cypress grove to the adopted brother of her affections.

#### CHAUNT OF INVISIBLE PERSONS FROM THE GROVE.

Orphan! left by fate to languish,  
In these bowers appease thy fear,  
Kindred breasts still own thy anguish,  
View their love, their pity here.

*(The girls suddenly divide the screen into several bougths and a monument appears which has been hidden behind it; inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of Luneda.")*

*—Myrtillo sinks on his knee, with involuntary fervors. A black veil, which has surmounted the monument, is lifted floatingly away, and the bust of Luneda in white marble is discovered. Myrtillo utters a sudden cry, springs forward, and clasps the marble with enthusiastic joy.)*

*Zav. (Grasping Myrtillo by the band.)—Yes, my dear Myrtillo, you at last possess the darling object of your pious wishes—a memorial of your unhappy father—and think not heavenly justice less certain because 'tis slow: for, even this day, while you chaunt to the repose of your parent, his murderer may be disclosed, his destiny avenged.—(Myrtillo wrought up to enthusiasm by the address of Xavier, passionately addresses Heaven, and seems to imprecate its vengeance on the secret assassin. Shouts of villagers suddenly resound without, and the chime of bells strikes out joyously.*

*Baron. Hark! my son is within fight.*

*Ros. Our dear Claudio arrived!*

*Pablo. Now for my Allegro after my Penseroso. O, the bonny bells! I hear them!—and O, the bonny throats of the lasses! I hear them too!—Huzza! huzza! Claudio for ever!—(Runs up the Stage to meet them. Myrtillo seems anxious to avoid the festivity.)*

*Zav. No, my child, you shall not be detained.—Obey the altar's sacred call!—By yonder path you can avoid the crowd.*

*Ros. But when religion has fulfilled its claim, then think of us—think of Claudio—he is Rosara's brother, and must be yours.—(Myrtillo much agitated, hastily bids adieu, and promises to return as she desires, then darts off by an ascending path on one side, just*

*as the joyous groupe begin to display themselves on a planted eminence opposite. Young villagers male and female, precede scattering flowers, &c. Castanets, tamborines, &c. These fill the front of the Stage, with song and dance, while Claudio and Rigolo pause upon the eminence, where they are received and welcomed in action by the characters of the family, Claudio introducing his friend, &c.)*

*(The characters have gradually advanced, and appear in front as the Ballet concludes.)*

**Baron.** In truth, my noble boy, you credit your campaign.

**Pay.** Yes, young master has shot up like a poplar tree.

**Claudio.** If my return is indeed a subject of gratulation among my relatives, to this excellent guardian, this best of friends—*(pointing to Rigolo)*—all acknowledgments are justly due.

**Rigo.** Forbear, dear Claudio, you over-rate my simple services.

**Claudio.** Nay, Rigolio, you shall not deny my heart its dearest luxury; the expression of its gratitude. Yes, my friends, but for this generous arm, your Claudio had been nothing. At the storming of Tortona, dashed from the rampart, and hurled amidst a crowd of foes, the brave Rigolio cut a passage to my aid, and, at the hazard of his own life, rescued mine.

**Baron.** Noble gentleman! if ever you become a parent, you will feel those thanks I cannot utter.

**Rigo.** Your son, my lord, is an enthusiast;—to save a gallant comrade in his extremity is but the common impulse of a soldier's mind—yet he venerates, as the result of principle, that which was merely the effect of chance.

**Baron.** The generous spirit ever makes its own distinctions. Now, my kind neighbours—*(to the*



*peasants*)—partake of our refreshments. Pablo, this is a part of your office,

*Pablo.* Yes, my lord, and one I always execute in person. When eating and drinking is the charge, I never could bear to employ a deputy.—(*Pablo conducts the villagers to the tables. They assemble joyously, and he appears to superintend officiously.*)

*Claudio.* Ah! how this scene—this happy, native scene exhilarates my heart! But, uncle, I miss one welcome yet. Where is your son?

*Zav.* O he shall greet you presently.

*Rigo.* How, Claudio, this is a relative you had not mentioned to me:—I never heard you had a cousin.

*Zav.* What! has the Colonel never been told of our Myrtillo, the little orphan whom I found this day six years, in the wood of Collares?

*Rigo.* (*Starting.*)—Found?—the wood of Collares?—and on this day?

*Zav.* Aye, the thirteenth of August. Providence, Sir, cast him on my care, for his father had just perished in that very wood by the execrable hand of an assassin.

*Rigo.* (*Involuntarily.*)—Merciful heavens!

*Claudio.* My friend!

*Ros.* The Colonel is unwell.

*Rigo.* (*Endeavouring to rally.*)—No, no—a momentary spasm—I entreat your pardon—'tis gone again—this keen mountain air.

*Baron.* You have remained exposed to it too long—let me conduct you, I entreat, into the house: Our breakfast shall be prepared within.

*Rigo.* You are too kind. I follow you. Lovely Rosara, may I presume to ask this hand?—(*They turn to pass into the house. The Baron leads, Rigo follows, leading Rosara. Just as they front the bust, his*

*eye falls upon it ; suddenly his hand drops that of Rosara, and he stands intensely rooted to the spot.)*

*Claudio.* Colonel, will you not proceed?

*Rigo.* (*Without disengaging his eye.*)—Which is the path?

*Claudio.* Straight onwards.

*Rigo.* No—'tis barred against me—No, no, no—I cannot pass him.

*Claudio.* Whom?

*Rigo.* Those dead eyes glare so—Oh! I cannot bear it.—Frown not so terribly, Luneda.

*Cladio.* You knew him then?—(*to Rigolio.*)—Perhaps he was your friend?

*Rigo.* My friend?—Ha! ha!—Yes, yes, he was my friend.—Ha! ha! ha!—(*He sinks, paralysed with emotion, between Claudio and Xavier. All the peasants, &c. participate.*)

*Claudio.* Bend him forwards—he revives again.

*Rigo.* Did I dream it?—No, 'tis there again!—ill fated, sacrificed Luneda!—My friend!—I called him so, did I not?

*Zav.* You did, and you are with those who venerate his memory.

*Rig.* True—I perceive all now.—A bust, a mere memorial—and his orphan resides here.

*Ros.* O! yes, Sir—and he will be so rejoiced to welcome a friend of his father's.—Though he is dumb, his eyes will speak for him.

*Rigo.* How!—dumb, say you?

*Zav.* Yes, Colonel, excessive terror at the moment of his father's murder deprived him of his utterance; but medical men have assured me that some violent revulsion of nature may as suddenly restore it.

*Rigo.* Does he recollect any circumstances think you of—of—?

**Ros.** Of the murder? O! thoroughly, and though six years have now elapsed, he persists that he should recognise the face of the assassin at a single glance.

**Padlo.** (*Running forward*)—Joy! joy! good fortune at the very nick of time! Here comes Myrtillo himself, returning from mass—he runs towards us with all his speed.

**Claudio.** Happy minute! Now, my friend, you will behold—

**Rigo.** (*Wildly.*)—Not for worlds—My surprise—my emotion—I cannot yet support the joy of—

**Ros.** But he is here.

(*Myrtillo appears at the top of the rising path by which he had before departed.*)

**Rigo.** (*Just glancing towards him.*)—Horror! madness!

(*Rigolio covers his countenance by his hat, and recedes as the boy advances. At the same instant at which Myrtillo gains the front of the stage, the Colonel has passed behind the other characters, and darts away by the path the other had just quitted.*)

**Claudio.**—(*pursues him crying.*)—My friend! my friend!—(*General groupe*)

## A C T II.

SCENE—*The Pyrenees, with STELLA's Cabin, as before—RIGOLIO descends the Crags, looking anxiously behind him.*

*Rig.* YES—I have outstripped pursuit.—Claudio's voice hollows down the rocks no longer—'tis solitude—utter solitude around. Here then let me pause—here use the few brief minutes yet my own—for reflection—for decision!—After six years of fancied safety—ruin! absolute ruin, threatens to overwhelm me. The father perished, but the child survives—aye,—I recollect—when the mask fell from my face, and my dying victim cried—“Is it my friend that strikes?”—then my arm—my faculties were paralysed, and while I faltered, the urchin glided from my grasp!—Six years!—and yet *this* day—this *fatal* day—a living evidence appears to blast me!—If this boy once meets, he remembers—and all is lost!—What is to be done?—a second murder?—No, no—that were the only certain way—but in the castle, amidst his friends—the attempt were vain!—Flight, then—aye! instant flight alone can save me. Once at a distance from the scene of danger, I could at leisure frame some plan for my future life—write to Claudio—colour with some well-imagined fraud, the abruptness of my departure,—and—yes—yes—it must be so.—What if I cross the mountains into France?—So, I might

clude enquiry altogether. Could I but hire a guide to lead me across these precipices to Bellegarde—*(sees the Cabin.)*—A Goatherd's cabin!—this may furnish me!—*(knocks at the door, Stella appears.)*

*Stel.* Gracious saints!—here's an honour! the great visitor from the castle!—

*Rig.* *(Aside.)* Confusion!—known here too!—you have seen me then before?

*Stel.* Yes, Signor!—You might not have noticed me, but I was one of the village lasses, who met you at the bridge, to strew flowers, and to—

*Rig.* True, true—I remember you.

*Stel.* But, bless me!—how comes your honour in such a place? just when the fête is going on at the castle—not a creature has returned from the dance yet, except myself—and I only slipped away, because—

*Rig.* *(Hastily.)* No matter, my good girl! sudden and unexpected business calls me from my friends. Could you procure me a guide, who would lead me by the straightest path to the French side of the mountain?

*Stel.* How fortunate!—yes, yes, Signor—I have a travelling person within—a poor kinsman of my own—he knows the road—and if he could but pass the frontier under your protection—

*Rig.* I promise for him every thing that you can wish—but hasten, hasten! I have not a minute now to lose.

*Stel.* He shall attend you instantly.

*[Exit into Cabin.]*

*Rig.* Each moment swells into hours, that I delay among these fatal mountains.—Why was I persuaded to visit them? Oh! that I could recall the damning hour I first beheld them—that hour of frenzy and perdition—when stripped by gamesters of my last resource, fortune lost, and reputation staked, I

rushed on blood and rapine as my predestined course!—Upon what trivial chances may our crimes, or virtues hinge!—Had not Luneda's letter reached me at the very instant that it did—had it not apprised me of the treasure borne about his person—his lonely route—his unattended state—each particular conspiring to seduce—my soul had never—no, surely, never—been tempted to the deed which damns it! Wretched Luneda! still, still I hear his dying cry—it pleads to heaven against me—the groans too uttering *now*, by the poor wretch, on whom I secretly directed the suspicion—that miserable slave who now toils among the galleys, and invokes——

[*Estevan has advanced during the last sentence, from the Cottage, with fearful humility, and bowing just opposite to Rigolio as he turns his head.*]

*Estev.* Signor!—I wait your——

*Rig.* Ha!—what apparition has——

*Estev.* The Signor Rigolio!——

*Rig.* 'Tis he!—Estevan!—the very valet of——

*Estev.* Count Luneda. Oh, Signor! betray me not. Mercy! mercy!—(*Flings himself distractedly at Rigolio's feet.*)

*Rig.* Rise! if you are unfortunate, I—but, tell me—how came you to this spot? Report had reach'd me, you were sentenced—and for life, to——

*Estev.* Yes, to slavery!—and to disgrace far heavier than my chains!—but I was innocent of all. Oh, Signor! you were my master's friend—pity me! save me!——

*Rig.* Speak more coherently—let me comprehend your case.—I had been told, that some weeks after the murder of my friend you had been apprehended in a distant part of Spain upon suspicion of the

crime—and though the fact was not distinctly proved upon your trial, yet, so ambiguous seemed the circumstance, your judges had condemned you to the oar for life.

*Esteu.* Such was the dreadful sentence.—Yet, by every power——

*Rig.* Reserve your oaths—give me facts.

*Esteu.* I will obey you, Signor!—my unfortunate master, when he landed from Mexico, was accompanied only by his little son, and by myself—his vast property converted into jewels, travelled with him.—Your name he perpetually mentioned with anxiety, as one of his earliest friends.—At the first post upon our journey he learned that your regiment lay in quarters but a short distance from the town of Tarragona. Instantly he dispatched me forwards with a note, requesting you to meet him at Collares. This, as you must remember, I had the honour to deliver into your own hands with punctuality. I was then to have rejoined my master instantly, before he passed the wood. Scarcely had I proceeded a league on my return, when a stranger met me with a written paper, apparently in the Count's hand. In this, I was directed to take a different route, and wait at Gerona for his further orders. Credulous fool! I fell into the snare, treachery triumphed, and the noble Luneda perished!

*Rig.* (*Aside*)—Still then, I am unsuspected by him.—Proceed, my worthy man, I am attentive.

*Esteu.* News of the murder reached Gerona—on the first surprise, my senses fled. When I recovered, it was in a dungeon. During my delirium, some secret villain had denounced me as the assassin—hurried before strange Judges—my guilt in part believed—a sentence of eternal slavery was passed.—Oh, Signor! think of his horrid fate who lives to

be a slave forever! four nights since by miracle I escaped—*your* protection would ensure my safety.—O, bear me with you into France—my services—my prayers—my life are yours!

*Rig. (Aside.)* This accident may yet redeem me—aye!—*suddenly*, and it may. Estevan! honest, suffering creature!—a sure asylum for your griefs is near. The chateau of my friend shall be your home while I am absent; and trust me, even before I return, such zeal will I employ, tidings you little can expect, may reach you.

*Estev. (Flings himself before him.)* Benignant! gracious Being! these bursting tears must thank you!

*Rig.* No thanks till you find I have deserved them; there is not a moment to be lost. You must thither instantly—I will provide you with a letter shall accomplish all!

*Estev.* Too gracious Signor!—but your own affairs——

*Rig.* However urgent, they shall not be regarded, 'till I have settled yours. Once in the Castle you will be sufficiently secured. The letter shall instantly be written, which decides your fate!

*(Rigolio hastily enters the Cabin motioning Estevan to follow him, who is met by Stella)*

*Stel.* Speed thee, dear kinsman! beyond these mountains danger and persecution both will cease,—

*Estev.* Thanks, kind Stella! eternal thanks!

*[Exit Estevan into Cabin.]*



## THE BROKEN SWORD.

AIR.—STELLA.

Oh! speed thee, dear kinsman  
From bondage from fear,  
For danger's await thee  
While lingering here ;——  
The breeze of yon mountain,  
Shall lift up it's voice,  
Like a spirit to bid thee,  
In freedom rejoice!——

Then, speed thee dear kinsman,  
Oh, hasten away——  
From slavery's darkness  
To liberty's day!

## II.

Thy fame has been blotted,  
By calumny's mark ;——  
The stream of thy fortunes  
Runs troubled and dark,  
But streams that have struggled  
Long buried in night,  
At length burst in torrents  
To freedom and light!  
Then speed thee, &c.

[Exit.]

SCENE—*The Chateau.*—ROSARA and PABLO *Enter from opposite sides.*

*Ros.* How singular an event !

*Pab.* The oddest of all possible oddities !

*Ros.* To leave us so abruptly—to refuse all explanation.

*Pab.* Without the civility of saying, "Gentlemen, good day,"

*Ros.* To depart without his servants—what a strange man !

*Pab.* To depart without his breakfast—what a simple man !

*Enter ZAVIOR.*

*Ros.* Any news of our runaway guest, uncle ?

*Zav.* None, my girl ; I left your brother in the chace—but this Colonel slipped his cable so quietly, without signal, and had stood out to sea under such a press of sail, that the Strombolo herself would never come up with him.

*Ros.* How unaccountable his conduct !—Surely his friendship for Luneda must have been extraordinary. I never witnessed agitation so violent.

*Zav.* Nor I.—What says Myrtillo ? does he recollect the Colonel's name ?

*Ros.* Yes, perfectly—he frequently had heard his poor father mention it—but he cannot recall any particulars.

*Baron (without.)* This way, good man !—let me present you to my family.

*Enter BARON followed by ESTEVAN.*

*Zav.* What strange cruiser has my brother taken in tow here ?—One that seems to have weathered some foul gales.

*Baron.* Pablo! Seek for my son, directly—this stranger bears a letter to him.

(*Pablo looks curiously at Estevan and Exit.*)  
He comes recommended to our protection by the Chevalier Rigolio.

*Ros.* Oh! then we shall know all.—Where did you leave the Colonel, honest man?—when does he return to us?

*Estev.* I am ignorant, young lady, of the Colonel's precise plans.—But, I know that he devotes himself at this moment, to a benevolent cause, and the prayers of the unfortunate attend him every where.

*Zav.* Do they? then a seamen's good wish be blown along with them, let him tack about, and steer for what harbour he pleases.

*Ros.* Ah! Claudio is here, and now the letter will tell us all.

*Enter CLAUDIO and PABLO.*

*Claud.* A messenger to me! and from Rigolio!

*Baron.* This man has a letter for you—the Colonel is his patron.

*Claud.* Indeed! then I beseech you, let all here receive him as their friend.

*Baron.* Speak for your family, Claudio.—Say, that he is welcome—truly welcome!

*Estev.* Ah! Signors—this kindness to one, so long inured to sorrow and contempt, I—

*Claud.* Whatever your distresses, think them concluded here—this letter will teach us, doubtless, how to sympathize with, and to console you.—

(*Opens and reads.*)—"My excellent young friend, entreat your family to pardon my abrupt departure—to-morrow shall elucidate every thing. Meanwhile, let me conjure you to secure the per-

“son of the man who delivers this. You behold in him, a fugitive from offended laws, and the convicted murderer of the Count Luneda.”

[*A pause—Estevan overwhelmed by surprise and emotion,—stands incapable of utterance.—The other Characters surveying him with the different regards of horror and dismay.*

*Claud.* Monster!

*Ros.* Wretched, wicked being! I shudder to behold him!

*Baron.* Let the officers of justice be summoned!—remove the monster from us, lest his presence draw a vengeance on these walls.

*Claud.* Be that my care—guard him closely!—let him not stir till I return.—(*Rushes out.*)

*Zav.* See, how conscious guilt confounds his features.

*Baron.* Speak, have you a word to offer in defence?

(*Estevan seems for a moment endeavouring to address him, but emotion suffocates the effort, he staggers towards Rosara, buries his face with his hands, and at last sobs audibly.*)

*Ros.* Ah! how dreadful the image of affliction, even in the guilty! Unhappy being! speak, have you one plea to offer?

*Estev.* (*With a look of still despair.*)—None, lady none! I feel that I was born to be a wretch, and dare not struggle longer against my fate!

*Ros.* Then you confess the crime?

*Estev.* No, before man and heaven, I deny it solemnly! but treachery has woven such a net about me, I must needs despair!

(*Estevan relapses into the profoundest despondency, and again obscures his face. Myrtillo enters cheerfully, through a door in the centre of the scene, and advances between Xavier and Rosara.*

*Ros. (Rapidly intercepting his view of Estevan.)—*  
 Oh! beloved Myrtillo, withdraw.—I conjure you  
 —you must not pass this way.

*(Myrtillo in astonishment seems to ask her motives.  
 Estevan suddenly changes his position, and the  
 eyes of the two meet. Both start as if bewildered  
 by doubtful recollections.)*

*Estev. Merciful heavens!—that face!—those  
 eyes!*

*Zav. Yes, murderer! tremble!—The son of Lu-  
 neda stands before you!*

*Estev. Ah!*

*(He springs involuntarily forward, and clasps Myr-  
 tillo's knees.—The boy still hesitates—Estevan  
 tears up the sleeve of his right arm, and points to  
 a scar. The boy's eyes lighten up with instant  
 conviction, he embraces Estevan, and welcomes  
 him with tenderness and affection.)*

*Estev. Bounteous heaven! thanks! I behold my  
 master's son once more, and I can die content.*

*Zav. What mystery is here? Can Myrtillo em-  
 brace the assassin of his father?*

*(Myrtillo persists in his caresses, and pointing to the  
 scar, indicates that he remembers it with grati-  
 tude.)*

*Ros. Why does he point to that scar upon the  
 arm?*

*Estev. He remembers it; 'twas the bite of a fe-  
 rocious wolf, which I received in protecting him  
 from danger in his infant years.—(Myrtillo acquiesces  
 with fervour.)*

*Zav. Is it possible Rigolio has deceived us?  
 Answer us, Myrtillo.—You beheld distinctly the  
 features of your father's murderer—answer, then, is  
 there a possibility this can have been the man?*

*(Myrtillo impetuously repels the idea, and identi-  
 fies Estevan as his friend.)*

*Esteu. (With frantic joy.)*—My innocence at last is manifest! Yes, yes, Luneda's son proclaims my innocence.

*Zav.* Rise, rise, much injured man!—Whoever be your persecutors, you shall find protection here.

*(The thunder suddenly rolls, and the windows become illuminated with the lightning.)*

*Pablo.* There—I thought so—I expected a storm would come after sunset—the skies have threatened all day.

*Ros.* I fear 'twill be tremendous, and our dear Claudio, deceived by this unlucky letter, crossing the mountain to summon the police, is now exposed to all its fury.

*Baron.* I tremble lest he should be overtaken by the darkness, and miss the narrow foot-track beyond the torrent.

*Pablo.* Ah! that cursed torrent! Some accident happens there continually.—*(Storm increases.)*

*Zav.* Brother, let the servants assemble with torches, and take different paths towards the torrent. I'll go with them myself.

*Baron.* Have with you brother.—Unless we plant lights along those precipices, Claudio's danger may indeed be great.

*Ros.* But if the officers of justice should arrive in your absence, how shall I protect this unfortunate man?

*(Myrtillo signifies that himself, with Esteu, will accompany the party forth.)*

*Ros.* You will meet them, and declare his innocence at once. Ah! but in this storm—

*Zav. (Storm.)*—Ha! no more delay. Pablo! Torches there!—to the torrent!

*(Exit Rosara on one side, the other characters by the opposite direction. Myrtillo grasps Esteu's*

*hand with alacrity, and pledges himself to avouch his innocence.*

SCENE.—*The Valley of the Torrent.—Across the head of the Torrent a foot-bridge is cast to the summit of a perpendicular rock, on which the ruins of a chapel are perceptible. The scene is nearly dark, and the different masses of rock and water are developed, but at intervals, by the glare of lightning. The storm rages, and Rigolio appears combating with its fury.*

*Rig.* Spirits of darkness! whither will ye drive your victim! I have lost the track should lead me into France, and wander through this dreadful wilderness without a clue. What will become of me? Return to the Castle—I dare not while the orphan lives.—I am exhausted.—*(He leans on the rocks.—Storm redoubles.—Rushes wildly forward.)*—Avenging powers!—Luneda's spirit walks abroad, and arms the elements against me.—*(Halloos are heard at a distance.—He halloos to them in return.)*—Ah! voices so near!—torches too!—If they are peasants, I am saved.—Holloa! this way, this way.—Ah! no, the Baron's voice.—I am sought for.—If they find me—Horror!—Whither shall I fly to shun them?

*(He flies up the winding path conducting to the torrent. Baron, Xavier, Pablo, and domestics, enter with torches in front.)*

*Zav.* This way the voice sounded. No doubt it was my nephew.

*Baron.* Merciful heavens! how dreadfully the torrent rages!

*Zav.* Holloa! Claudio! Nephew! Holloa!

*Enter ESTEVAN and MYRTILLO:*

*Estev.* Ah! Sirs! I beseech you prevail upon this generous, noble youth that he return.—At such tender years to brave a storm like this.

*Zav.* Return, return, Myrtillo; I command you.  
(*Rigolio is seen crossing the foot-bridge, to gain the shelter of the ruins. Just as he crosses the lightening flares upon his figure.*)

*Pablo* Look! look! there's somebody on the bridge. I saw a figure pass—I swear it.

*Baron.* It must be Claudio—and if he ventures further—

(*Myrtillo suddenly snatches a torch from one of the domestics, and darts up the path.*)

*Pablo.* Stop! stop!—Master Myrtillo, stop!

*Zav.* Ah! the brave child! never fear him—he knows his footing well. Bring your torches further along the bed of the torrent, that he may see us, and one of you follow him.

(*All depart by a lower path, except Estevan, who takes the same track Myrtillo has ascended, but left far behind. Rigolio is seen watching from the ruin the different directions of the torches. Myrtillo advances across the bridge; just as he is about to enter the ruin, Rigolio with his sword strikes the torch from his hand. The Boy recedes in the darkness; Rigolio follows, seizes him on the middle of the bridge, and hurls him over into the bed of the torrent. Estevan, with his torch, appears at the same moment on a projecting crag; about half-way up the path he hears the plunge.*)

*Estev.* Ah! he has fallen from the bridge!—  
Help! help! save him! save him!



## THE BROKEN SWORD.

*(He precipitates himself into the torrent. Rigolio flies into the ruins. Baron, Xavier, &c. rapidly return.)*

Zav. My boy! my boy! save him!—All I have in the world shall reward the man who saves him!

*(The lightnings flare vividly upon the water, and shew Myrtillo borne down the agitated waters, Estevan struggling after him.)*

Zav. Ah! he floats towards the second fall—then he is lost!

Pablo. No, no, the man has caught his arm—

Zav. But the torrent bears them both away.

*(Pablo flings out a cord; at the moment they approach the second fall, Estevan catches it with his disengaged hand.)*

Pablo. Huzza! he catches the cord!—Quick, quick! all of you your torches this way!

*(Estevan struggles; they drag him to the bank.—he bears Myrtillo, insensible, forwards, flings him into Xavier's extended arms, then falls exhausted among the groupe.)*

## SCENE.—The Chateau.

Enter ROSARA and CLAUDIO.

Ros. How unlucky! Then you have returned without meeting them?

Claudio. You say they are seeking for me in the direction of the torrent, supposing I must pass the bridge; but the storm beset my path so suddenly, I dispatched a peasant forwards, and returned myself by the sheltered path among the olive grounds. However, the magistracy are, ere this, alarmed; and the villain will be secured by their officers to-night.

Ros. Ah! I had forgotten to inform you—your friend the Colonel has been utterly deceived:—the man he would accuse is innocent of the murder.—Myrtillo has himself declared so.

*Claudio.* Impossible! My life and honour upon the strictness of Rigolio's charge. The misapprehension must be *here*.

*Enter PABLO.*

*Pablo.* Horrible! dreadful!—Oh! Miss Rosara! have you heard it?—Such an accident!

*Ros.* Heavens!—What has happened?

*Pablo.* Death and horror!—Murder and destruction!—Poor Master Myrtillo has been drowned.

*Ros.* Merciful powers!

*Claudio.* Myrtillo drowned!

*Pablo.* Oh, yes! he was quite killed once; but we have brought him to life again.

*Ros.* Then he yet lives?

*Pablo.* Yes; all owing to me though.—How the torrent foamed and roared!—there he floated away for the second fall—there the strange man buffeted after him there both of them were just spent—and there I flung out the rope that saved them.—Oh! Miss, if you had but seen me fling it—so nice and neat to the moment!

*Ros.* But speak, speak!—How did this danger happen?

*Pablo.* I can't tell yet.—Master Myrtillo had but just recovered, and was beginning to explain, when I ran on before to tell you.

*Enter ZAVIER abruptly with ESTEVAN.—He waves to PABLO hastily to withdraw.*

*Zav.* Ah! nephew you are here then? You have heard already of—

*Claudio.* Dear Myrtillo's danger?—Yes, sir.—But how did this accident—

*Zav.* No, no, nephew, it was not accident—design, horrible design!

*Claudio.* You cannot mean it.—What hand so atrocious——?

*Zav.* I tremble for your sake—I tremble whilst I denounce the monster;—but suspicion, powerful suspicion, falls upon——

*Claudio.* Whom?

*Zav.* That man you call your dearest friend—  
Rigolio.

*Claudio.* Monstrous calumny!—Who could defame so excellent, so honourable a character?

*Zav.* Behold his accuser, this stranger, who but now, at the hazard of his own life, saved Myrtillo's.

*Claudio.* Infamous aspersion!—If there be a punishment——

*Estev.* Prove that I merit your reproach, and yield me freely to the sharpest torture; but listen to my proofs, before you reject my testimony.

*Claudio.* Speak!

*Estev.* When Myrtillo recovered from his swoon, he motioned to us that we should search the spot from which he had fallen. We did so; and this fragment of a sword blade—(*produces about a third of a blade, broken off from the point*)—was found at the entrance of the ruined abbey:—that it must recently have fallen there, the brightness of its polish is an evidence. Signor, respectfully I request that you will unsheath your own regimental sword, and compare the two blades together.

*Claudio.* Assuredly—examine it freely.—(*Draws.*)

*Zav.* (*after comparing them.*) The fragments correspond precisely, both in shape and quality, and the engravings on each alike. Would not Colonel Rigolio's sword be the counterpart of yours?

*Claudio.* I admit the resemblance and the probability.—But what would you infer from this?

*Zav.* Hear me. While this search was making

on the rock, my poor boy traced eagerly with a pencil these hasty words. (*Reads.*) "My life has been attempted. A sword suddenly struck against the torch I carried, and dashed it from my hand—the blade broke as it gave the blow, and a piece of it fell against my foot. I retreated; but a figure pursued me in the dark—it seized and plunged me from the bridge into the torrent."

*Claudio.* And is this your motive for suspicion? Vain and preposterous surmise! Rigolio, the bravest and best of heroes, become the assassin of an innocent boy!—too monstrous even for reply. But know, base slanderer! to your confusion know, my friend must have been at a distance of many leagues beyond the bridge at the very moment Myrtillo was assaulted there.

*Enter PABLO.*

*Pablo.* O! signor! wonder upon wonders!—Your friend, whom every body thought had gone away from us, has just come back again; I left him in the great hall.

*Claudio.* Colonel Rigolio do you mean?

*Pablo* Yes—and such a figure I never saw in my life—his face so pale, and his eyes so wild.—I vow when I placed the candles before him, he looked to me for all the world like some murderer.

*Claudio.* Peace, scoundrel!—I must not, will not, dare not think of it.

*Zav.* Nephew! nephew! if private friendship can stifle in your bosom the awful claim of justice—then the pride and honour of your house are forfeited for ever.—Rigolio's return at the very instant when—

*Claudio.* Every thing will be explained to his honour; I am convinced it will.—Pablo, lead me to him instantly.

*Estev.* Hold, signor!—I have a cause which makes a lowly man forget humility. I demand, solemnly demand, to be confronted with Rigolio, this moment, in your presence.

*Claudio.* Come on—*(Seizes his hand.)*—You brave a fearful risk.—May heaven decide between you for the truth!

*(Exit Claudio and Estevan on one side, Xavier, &c. opposite.)*

SCENE—*The Castle Hall*—RIGOLIO is discovered the desolate being described by PABLO, seated in the centre of the Hall, near a Table on which lights are burning.

*Rig.* How frightful is this pause of solitude and silence! None of the family approach to welcome me. But oh! neglect of ceremony is affliction's charter; and this accursed hand has changed these hospitable halls into a desolate abode of death and tears!—*(Suddenly starts up.)*—Let me endeavour to shake off this lethargy!—*(Paces rapidly.)*—I can pace these floors securely now; the only form I dreaded to encounter—*here* shall never, never more be found. The winds have heard, and mocked his dying cry! the wave flows over him—he sleeps eternally! Sit lightly then, my heart—rejoice; exult; No—no—there is a chilly weight that sinks it down—quite down!—*(He drops back into his chair.)*—Shame; shame! let me rally—they approach—Let me, at least, be faithful to myself.

*Enter PABLO, lighting CLAUDIO, who is followed by ESTEVAN.*

*Claud.* Pablo, leave us.

*[Exit Pab.]*

*Rig.* *(With forced spirits advancing.)*—My friend! dear Claudio!—*(For a moment they preserve an uneasy*

*silence, regarding each other anxiously, as at a loss how to address.)*—Claudio,—you—you are doubtless surprised at my return.

*Claud.* I must own, it was unexpected.

*Rig.* Entirely accidental. The storm has swollen the rivulets into an inundation across the valley, and I found it impossible to proceed. My return is not, I trust, unwelcome to my friends?

*Claud.* *(After a struggle.)*—Rigolio, I cannot—never could dissimble. Speak! does your conscience declare, you still deserve our welcome?

*Rig.* Ha! I perceive—some odious calumny.—Where is the wretch, who dares accuse me?

*Claud.* Behold!—and O! if possible, disprove him here!

*Points to ESTEVAN, who Enters.*

*Rig.* That traitor! that convicted felon!

*Estev.* No—that injured suffering man, whom a villain persecutes, but whom heaven protects.

*Rig.* Insolent wretch! is it to me you dare address—

*Estev.* The only language truth can use to villainy so monstrous. Here, in the presence of this noble youth—and soon before the whole assembled world—aloud I brand you with the name of murderer—an infant's murderer!—aye, murderer and coward!

*Rig.* My rage can brook no more! die, miscreant! e're that venom'd tongue—

*[Rigolio, transported almost to madness, furiously draws his sword; Claudio forcibly catches his arm as he rushes forwards—the blade appears broken towards the point.]*

*Estev.* Ah! the proof! the deep, the damning proof!—Heaven's own eternal hand is here!

## THE BROKEN SWORD.

[*He fixes the fragment to the extended blade—*

*Rigolio, as he perceives the discovery, stands as if rooted to the spot by magic.*

*Clau.* Merciful heavens! the evidence indeed is clear!

*Rig.* (*Tremulously.*) What proof? what evidence? who says that—if the orphan, by accident, have perished—

*Estev.* Ha! mark there—the villain's own confusion now confesses all. But, know, Myrtillo lives!

*Rig.* Lives!

*Estev.* Aye! to blast and overwhelm a monster! This instant let the wretch be seized—this instant!

[*Estevan rushes out, as if to summon the family.—*

*Rigolio staggers towards the Table, and supports his trembling limbs against it.*

*Clau.* (*Surveying him with mixed emotions.*)—Rigolio, most unhappy man; what dæmon could have prompted—but no matter, you once saved *my* life, I cannot injure *yours*.—Fly!—escape, if possible.

*Rig.* You then, even you believe me guilty.

*Clau.* Unfortunate man! I feel convinced; but, let me pay the debt of gratitude I owe you—these doors open to the garden—this key unlocks the private gate beyond—fly, fly!

*Rig.* I am a wretch—dispose of me as you will.

*Baron.* This way

[*Claudio leads Rigolio (stupified by apprehensions) to the folding doors in the centre of the scene—they are thrown asunder, and a crowd of persons and torches are discovered.*]

*Clau.* (*Dragging Rigolio quickly back.*)—We are prevented. Ah! 'tis now too late—by yonder door—fly! fly!

*Baron.* (*Advancing.*)—My son, the officers of justice have arrived to execute your summons.

*[The groupe moves forward—Zavier and Rosara with Myrtillo visible in the centre. Rigolio turns to escape—Estevan's rapid entrance intercepts him at the other door.]*

**Estev.** Officers, advance! behold your prisoner here!

*[Rigolio, as he turns to avoid Estevan, suddenly faces Myrtillo—the eye of each becomes rivetted. —The boy presses his throat between his fingers, as if to repress a choaking effort of the feelings. —He shudders violently, then, with a sudden fearful cry, he darts from his position, and springs upon Rigolio exclaiming]*

**Myr.** My father's murderer!

**Estev.** Ha! he speaks!—an inspiration from the grave resounds!—the father's ghost cries "Vengeance" by his orphan's lips.

**Myr.** *(Fastening irremovably upon Rigolio.)*—Justice! justice! justice!

*[Rigolio laughs deliriously, and sinks down, convulsed, under Myrtillo's grasp.]*

**Ros.** Miserable being!—Justice must be his meed from man—may mercy prove his boon from heaven!

*The Picture is formed, and the Curtain falls.*

F I N I S.



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